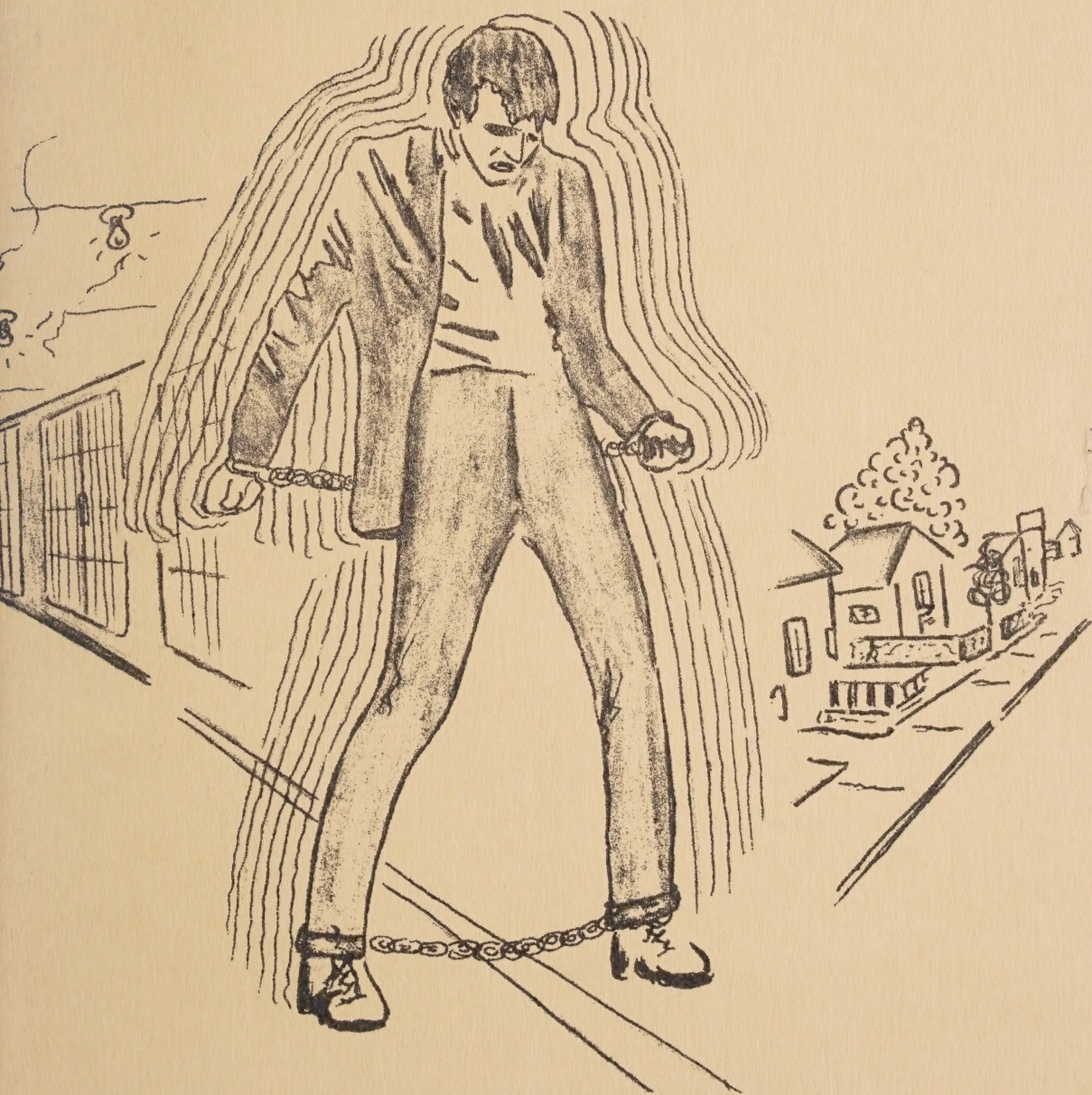


PATHFINDER



P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT
SASKATCHEWAN

DEVOTED TO THE
INTEREST
OF THE INMATE

PATHFINDER

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

EDITOR
BILLY PEACOCK

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
GEORGE BREMNER

CIRCULATION
JACK MILLER

LAY-OUT
GARY MACK

PRODUCTION
ROD McDONALD

TYPIST
DAVE STRAKER

CONTRIBUTORS

DOUG BEVANS
GERRY HUPPE

CARL RUMOHE
DAN HADDEN

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Pathfinder

CONTENTS

JANUARY 1965

Editorial.....	Billy Peacock	2
Page Francaise.....	S. Bidoche	3
Humour.....	Carl Rumohr	5
Nightkeeper.....	Reprint	6
Sports.....	Gerry Huppe	7
The Fish.....	Billy Peacock	12
Inside Looking Out.....	Doug Bevans	14
Reprint of the Month.....	Reprint	16
Nuts and I.....	Russ Fortin	18
Farm Corner.....	Danny Hadden	20
Cartoon.....	Carl Rumohr	22
News Flashes.....	Reprints	23
Penal Press Review.....	Rod McDonald	24
A.C.T. Show.....	Carl Rumohr	26
Memorial.....	Doug Bevans	27

Pathfinder is published by and for the inmates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Permission is hereby granted to reprint articles originating in this magazine. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Administration nor the Pathfinder staff. All manuscripts submitted for publications must be signed by the author. Please address enquiries to:
Pathfinder Box 160, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada.

editorial

Our previous editor, who will not be forgotten for some time, has left Pathfinder. The ability and character of the past editor was, and is, beyond questioning. He will be missed; however his many admirers will still SEE Doug through his column "Inside Looking Out", which will continue as a regular feature.

As a new staff, green to the publishing business, but, well acquainted with institutional life, we are quite conscious of the "effect value" of this editorial. A dividing line must be drawn, here and now, and this is our bone of contention. For example, a loose word, or phrase, with double meaning could impress the wrong way and create work for the sweepers on the lower ranges. This problem then of clothing this page in sound and acceptable policy without veering to the right or the left is a toughie. It is similar to the school-girl, who, on her first date, and wishing to be accepted, decided to dress with care. She discarded her sweater and slacks as being too bold. The quiet demure look in her school blouse and skirt was also out. And a full dress seemed just too square and sensible, so she went nude. We have to admit that a blank page here would solve our problem, but it would look rather foolish.

The inmate interpretation of the penal press, is, like ourselves, - strictly our own. If permissible we would, in all probability, become one loud gripe sheet. Headquarter policies, concerning content matter etc., views the magazine primarily as a training project, and then; as a media of expression, entertainment, and general interest to the inmate.

If the question of the magazine's usefulness were to be broached to a judge, lawyer, or social worker, we are certain the answer would be affirmative. It remains exclusively as our voice, our only voice, subject to censorship.

As people first, and inmates next, we are different --- only in outlook --- from the average John Doe with his lunch pail. We both have problems to air. And, we believe the subscriber expects to maybe find a few bitter chords in a penal magazine. It would not be us without them.

PAGE * * * * *

* FRANCAISE!

INACTION: - ECHEC.-

s. bidoche

EDITOR'S NOTE: For our French readers, inside and out, we offer this page along with the English translation. It is hoped that the Page Francaise will become a part of Pathfinder, and serve as a means of expression for the French writer.

As an experiment any comments on this page will be appreciated.

L'utilisation maladroite de notre énergie est la cause profonde de nos echecs, et non à une absence d'énergie. En première vue on ne se rend pas toujours compte de cette état de chose, mais n'importe quel psychologue vous dira combien il vous en coute pour vous contraindre à l'immobilité. L'immobilité suppose un combat acharné contre la force vitale qui est "l'ACTION".

Quand nous echouons pour avoir consacré des heures précieuses à des futilites, nous admettons aisement qu'il y a un gaspillage. Il existe plusieurs manières de tuer le temps qui prend l'aspect d'un labeur consciencieux. En y regardant de près, on constate que notre travail présent nous epuise sans nous satisfaire, nous nous rendons compte que notre déploiement d'énergie est cause à la faillite.

Marc-Aurele a dit: "Garde-toi d'agir comme si tu etais assure de vivre mille ans." Et certes, de quelque cote que nous nous tournions ici, nous nous heurtons à cet axiome impitoyable: "Il est plus tard que tu ne crois." Celui qui echoue dépense des heures précieuses tous les jours, exactement comme si ce capital était inépuisable. Les uns par exemple, consacrent tous les jours au sommeil, de deux à six heures de plus qu'il n'est indispensable pour bien se porter; d'autres, les faiseurs de "réussites" les malades de bibliotheque dont la passion est quasi pathologique, les fervents des interminables parties de

cartes rêvent tout éveillés et gaspillent nochalamment leur temps en prison. La frontière qui sépare la récréation de l'obsession est facile à déterminer, une fois qu'on en a admis le principe. Voyez plutôt les fanatiques de théâtre, les infatigables tappeurs de cuir, les bavards désœuvrés et tous ceux pour lesquels la journée est perdue s'ils n'ont pas leurs petits café ou leur journal du soir.

Toutes ces façons de capituler et de se laisser aller à la volonté d'échouer, ne sont désintéressés qu'en apparence. Tous ceux mentionnés plus haut comme ceux qui se tuent au travail, s'appliquent surtout à se faire illusion à eux-mêmes, à remplir chaque minute de la journée pour que ne puisse s'y glisser le moindre soupçon de la futilité de leur existence. Si bien que le soir venu, les uns sont encore trop absorbés dans le plaisir et les autres trop épuisés pour prendre conscience des réalités. Et cependant ils présentent tous, à ceux qui les observent sans détours, le même affreux spectacle. Ils ressemblent à de véritables maniaques de l'avarice, entassant avec avidité leurs coffres sans prix de leur irremplacable vie, une collection insensée de petits riens, de sensations décousues et d'émotions artificielles.

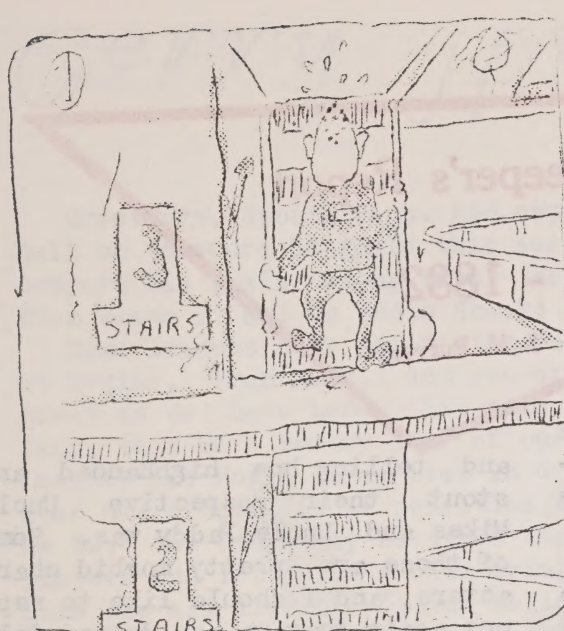
Il est clair qu'un mobile unique se retourne à l'origine de tous ces drames individuels; l'intention, souvent inconsciente, d'en combler son existence de tant d'activités complémentaires ou compensatrices, selon le cas, qu'il ne reste plus assez de temps pour mener à bien la grande œuvre dont ils sont capables. En bref, il faut combattre cette volonté d'échouer. Comment? "A toi de trouver remède."

FRENCH PAGE

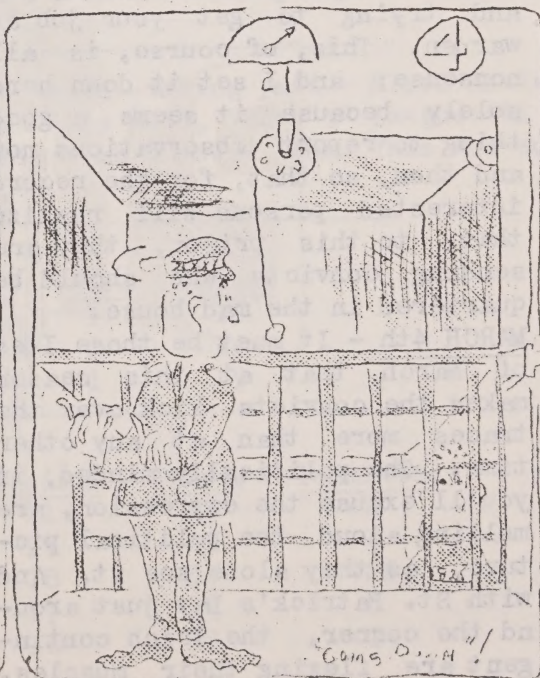
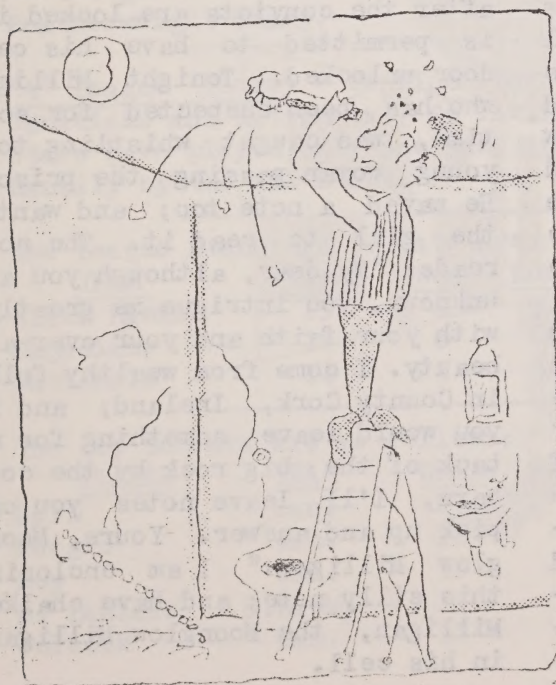
✱ ✱ ✱ S. Bidoche.

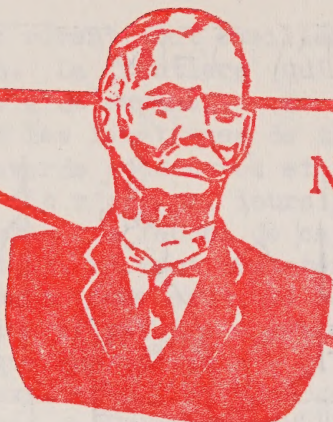
Inefficient use of our energy and not lack of use of our energy is the main cause of our failures. At first glance, we do not always realize that it is such, but any psychologist will tell you that it costs energy to force yourself into immobility. Immobility is always a grim combat against a vital strength which is "Action".

When we fail after having spent precious hours trying to do something futile we admit that it is waste. There are many ways in which one can kill time by labour that appears to be conscientious effort,



J.B.
0000 DAYS LATER





Nightkeeper's Report

- 1882

J. H. Purves

Excerpts from the Nightkeepers Journal at Southern Michigan Prison in 1887. Reprinted from The Spectator, Jackson, Michigan.

MARCH 3rd - There is little to report tonight. I stopped at Conway's cell, was told by him that you and he had an interesting talk. And was told, too, that you suspect that I am undermining you and trying to get your job as warden. This, of course, is all nonsense; and I set it down here solely because it seems a good thing to report observations now and then, so that, for the record interested persons will realize that, to this prison, they are sending convicts who should be quartered in the mad house.

MARCH 4th - It must be those Ides of March that at this season makes the convicts kick over the traces more than at any other time. The politically minded, if you'll excuse the expression, are mulling aloud the political picture, as they alone see it. And with St. Patrick's Day just around the corner, the Irish contingent are flexing their muscles.

and telling how highhanded and stout their respective Uncle Mikes and Uncle Paddy was. Some of these are pretty morbid characters, and I should like to report again that we are desperately in need of segregation here.

MARCH 5th - An hour ago, Guard Baird caught Milligan red handed. Milligan, because he passes water after the convicts are locked in, is permitted to have his cell door unlocked. Tonight Milligan who has been suspected for some time, was caught whistling to a young woman passing the prison. He waved a note too; and wanted the girl to read it. The note reads: "My dear, although you are unknown, you intrigue me greatly; with your faith and your over-all beauty. I come from wealthy folks in County Cork, Ireland; and if you would leave something for me back of the big rock by the cow-barn, I'll leave notes you can pick up and answer. Yours, Moon-glow Milligan." I am enclosing this silly note; and have chalked Milligan, the Moonglow Milligan, in his cell.

Gerry Jf upper Sports

Greetings, Sports Fans. And especially to all of you cheering Bob Hull on to score 54 goals this season. Remember now, on March 28th, compare his goals along with the number 54 and if you are two out, then blame it all on Eddie Shack!

Some leagues have their stars such as Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull and at Regina, Fran Huck. But you sports fans have never seen a star as great as we have here. His name is Art (GOLDEN BOY) Hamilton. Why fans, this here Hockey Star of our local Mustangs (that's a team in B League) has Howie Young beat in every department. To date, this here Star has a total of 41 penalties to his credit! To show you how great he is; the other day he stole the puck, stick-handled through five players and let drive a blistering slap-shot. Fans, at this time the game was all tied 3 - 3, and believe it or not, this here Star scored the winning goal! However, to show you a star can be great and still be the goat of the game, Art skated the wrong way and scored on his own goal! So today and before every face-off, Art takes a good look to see where his own goalie is located!

Art got his nickname "GOLDEN BOY" from his boxing days when he was Featherweight Champ.

"A" League Hockey - We find three teams taking part - Black Hawks, Canadians and Nationals. So far, at this date, the "A" League All - Stars have played only one game against an outside team. This was won handily by the All Stars.

The League Standings to date are:

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Tied</u>	<u>Points</u>
Black Hawks	15	9	5	1	19
Canadians	14	6	6	2	14
Nationals	14	4	9	1	9

The Top Scorers are as follows:

<u>PLAYER</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>Goals</u>	<u>Assists</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Penalties</u>
Ball	Can.	27	21	48	2
Bergin	Nat.	26	17	43	4
Roy	Can.	18	18	36	26
B. Danials	B. Hawks	17	17	34	6
Pollock	Can.	17	16	33	14

"B" League Hockey - We have four teams and we also have our Cub-Sports Reporter, Bob Gaucher, to give us his report. Bob Gaucher is the goalie for the Mustangs as you will note in his report.

As the cold winds of Canada gripped Saskatchewan the long stick of hockey hooked P.A. The four teams in B-League, namely the Flicks, Royals, Mustangs and Rams, clash in a 24 game schedule which at this writing is two-thirds complete. The teams started play early in December and after seven games it looked like Ron Westad's Mustangs would walk away from the league with no trouble. Playing at a clip of six goals for; with only three against; they had a seven point bulge over their nearest rivals, the Flicks. During this period they were led by the scoring of Larry Matthews, Bobby Green and Sonny Lapointe who accounted for two-thirds of the Mustangs' goals. Then disaster struck. Amid the anguished cries of "stacked team" the Mustangs collapsed. I was bombed for nineteen goals in the next three games and it seems Westad and the boys are still dropping from shell-shock for we dropped six more. Pelton's Flicks took full advantage of this and led by Don Stromberg stormed to the lead, winning eight and tying one of their next nine games. The 7-1 blasting of the Mustangs started this rise and their line of Pelton, Stromberg and Mayfield couldn't be stopped. The Royals also took advantage of the Mustang's nose-dive and moved into second place but still a full nine points behind the Flicks. The team whom many believe has the most potential is guided by the line of Kemp, McPolland and an "A" League castoff-Gary Mack. The Rams meanwhile plodded slowly along showing signs of brilliance and while picking up ten points in nine games still remain in the damp and dreary hole. (I realize cellar is the word used by sports-writers but I find hole much more appropriate to my present surrounding.) The scoring of Doonanco, McArthur and newly acquired Mayfield may be a big enough lift to raise the Rams from the cellar.

There have been many highlights during this season but I find these most noteworthy.

Hammerin' Hank Laliberte (Mustangs) exploded during the third period of one game and went after everybody and everything. But the referees were good sports about it and rewarded Henry with a three game suspension.

Dino (Flicks) would like to play against the Mustangs all the time for it took him seven games to find the net and since then he's scored almost at will against me. He's trying to work a deal so I play in the nets for every team he faces. He thinks it would be a sure way to a scoring championship.

"Dirty" Henry Cyr (Rams) as his friends know him, found it too soft in "A" League so traded himself for Jake Fiddler. (he's the man-

ager; very convenient Henry.)

Kingfish (Royals) who mows them down constantly, has, much to his dismay, found out there's such a thing as a penalty for slashing.

Pete Koral (Flicks) has the only shutout to date but he has missed on a couple of other good chances. It turns out, Pete's a prophet. Going into the third period with a shutout he was heard to mutter; "probably score on the first shot"; on the first shot, Bobby Green (Mustangs) obliged.

Roaming Red Paul the Royals goaltender has been reported seen darn near up to centre ice. It seems Red's got inspirations to be a forward.

The league is in mourning for the Royals who lose their two big guns McPolland and Kemp to farm camp; I'm sure we all bleed for them.

The leading scorers in the league so far are:

Don Stromberg (Flicks)	with 34 goals,	12 assists,	for 46 points;
Dino Pelton (Flicks)	12	24	for 36 points;
Wally Mayfield (Rams)	15	20	for 35 points;
Jake Fiddler (Rams)	21	12	for 33 points;
Ron McPolland (Royals)	15	11	for 26 points;

The goaltending department is led by Koral (Flicks) with a 3.44 average; followed by Paul (Royals) with a 4.10 and Gaucher (Mustangs) with a 4.15; Gordon of the Rams trails with a 5.12 average.

Til next time I leave you with this question - The story going around is that since the Mustang slump, there have been animal noises accompanied by the gnashing of teeth coming from their bench. I understand it's their manager who is emitting these noises. Can this be true?.....Gopher

BASKETBALL

Basketball - We have three teams taking part--Giants, Celtics and the Eagles. The Giants who had a ten game winning streak going for them in December are flying high in first place with a record of fifteen wins and five losses. The Celtics who are in second place, have won nine games and lost ten; The Eagles are sporting six wins and fourteen defeats.

On January 7th, the Pen. All Stars played their first basketball game against an outside team from the City of Prince Albert, with the

final score reading 65 to 62 for the boys from the city. However, on January 13th, the Regals from the city were in to play the local boys and here is Don Cotham's report of the game.

The Regals consist of about the same team as the team which was in on January 7th. The 1st quarter was Regals-10, Pen All Stars - 14 and at half time the score was tied at 34 all. At the end of the 3rd quarter the Regals had really put on the steam and were ahead 50-44. The final quarter found the Pen boys putting all the big guns in action and after closing the gap, they went on to win the game by the score of 66 to 60. High scoring man for the game was Nicholson of the Regals with 26 points followed by Dergo (Pen.) with 24. Other point scorers for the Regals were; Ellis-14, Engle-10, Bond and Hall-4 each and Sarchuk-2. For the Pen; Ivan-14, Dale Newell, Roy and McKinney-8 points each, Mack and Deschamps-2 points each.

Both games played so far this year have been close and from the standpoint of interest have been very good. We hope that more of these games will be forthcoming.

CURLING REPORT

In curling, which seems to be the draw of the season, and run by Don Kolot, here is Don's report as submitted to the Sports Editor.

The curling season opened in the middle of November with a bonspiel consisting of four events. With reasonably good weather this spiel was completed by Dec. 15th, and saw 20 rinks start in two top events (No. 1 & 2) with the first game losers in each dropping into the two secondary events respectively, (No. 3 & 4).

The winners of these events are as follows:

No. 1. Event J. Page, Skip, J. MacIntosh, J. Cole, A. Hollick

No. 2. " " D. Kolot " P. Stromberg, R. Holland, J. Miller

No. 3. " " C. Taylor " F. Shultz, P. Duke, J. Fieldhouse

No. 4. " " C. Taylor " " " " " " " "

With the windup of the opening bonspiel, league play was started with twenty teams playing a round robin schedule. It was decided the top six teams in standing, after four rounds of play would represent our league, to curl outside competition when available on Sunday-afternoons, with standings to be revised every two rounds of play thereafter.

The first four games with outside competition saw the Pen. boys win three of four games, with the following teams representing the Pen. T. Fox F. Shultz, Skip. Bob Close, Bob Emond

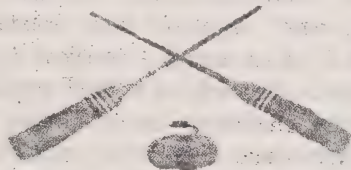
A. Hollick	J. Page	J. McIntosh	J. Cole
N. Hill	R. Workman	D. Ssheerschmidt	W. Robertson
J. Wilson	C. Taylor	P. Dube	J. Fieldhouse

After the League schedule is over it is planned to have our yearly bonspiel, with the committee furnishing prizes. This bonspiel will be run in two events with all teams getting two games in each, and prizes going to four teams in each event. This spiel should be over approx. Feb. 15th and will wind up our curling season.

New curling shields for both the league winners and bonspiel winners are being made and will be brought up to date with previous year winners in time for competition of the league.

Curling League Standings as of Jan. 18

J. Page.....9-1	M. Greene.....5-5
C. Taylor.....8-2	G. Huppe.....3-6
F. Shultz.....8-2	V. Creighton....3-6
D. Kolot.....8-2	W. Chalifoux....3-7
N. Campbell.....8-2	L. Learie.....3-7
R. Workmen.....7-3	C. Manahan.....3-7
W. Robertson....6-3	R. Schroeder....2-7
A. Johanson.....6-4	P. Demers.....2-7
B. Balharry.....6-4	W. Lutch.....2-8
L. Musurichan....5-5	L. Carroll.....2-8



The other day, Sport Fans, as I was sauntering in the Auditorium, Lo and Behold! There, just strolling in from outside was our local Senator - Smoky Kitchemomia. Yes fans, it was 44 below outside and believe it or not, this here Senator was sporting just a T-shirt and Straw Hat! I guess that office job of his must be good for his health.

So, until next month, I will close off with "this" to all players: "A man may make mistakes, but he is not a failure until he starts to blame someone else." Good Sports to all....Gerry Huppe...

Note of Thanks!

We'd like to take a moment out and voice our appreciation of the Salvation Army. Each Christmas they present each inmate with a "Sunshine Bag" for which they ask nothing in return. The inmates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary salute this group of people.

the fish

S
H
S T O R Y
R
T

billy peacock

He walked hastily along the snow-blanketed sidewalk, his hands sunk deeply into the pockets of his blue topcoat. Ignoring the early morning pedestrians, as though they too were snowflakes, he walked in a direct line bumping and jostling whoever got in his way. Occasionally his mouth opened to emit a curse.

The red light and the traffic cop at the intersection brought Jakie to a sudden stop, and again his mouth opened. Jerking his frail shoulders, he buried his head deeper into the collar against the blast of icy wind; then glared at the policeman until the light turned green. Crossing the street he resumed his former pace until he reached the Bank of Montreal in the middle of the block. There his gaze drifted over the bank's clock and his pace slackened.

As he walked along, his eyes peering at every store, and into every parked car, he fingered the six one dollar bills in his right pocket and thought of the "meet" which was in fifteen minutes. God, he was sick, and one "cap" would only take the edge off of things, - which meant a sick frantic morning until the next "meet".

He began to think philosophically about life and luck and, as always, his theory, that some guys had it and some did not, was the outcome. He remembered his very first "boost" twenty years ago, a Big Ben alarm clock ---- that went off. And the memory of that sad, fateful day caused him to wince in pain and swear vehemently. Lady Luck had never smiled his way.

But maybe, he reasoned, things would be different today. He could still see his horoscope, under Pisces, the fish, a name he disliked, which read; Tomorrow you should exert more effort in your field of endeavour. Create your own luck. Also, favour the colour black tomorrow. He liked the phrase, "Create your own luck", and it repeated over and over in his mind, while he thought of the three exclusive shops that he intended to invade later that morning.

Suddenly his small figure stopped, and his eyes came to rest on the open window of a parked car. Inside, hanging on two coathangers,

appeared to be two winter overcoats, shrouded in the paper sacks of Valet Cleaners. Both were black.

Without hesitation, Jackie walked towards the car, opened the door, relieved the car of it's property and walked away. Turning right at the next corner he flagged down a cruising cab, gave the driver an address, reached for a cigarette, and asked the cabbie for the time.

The pains running through his body did not feel half as bad now, as his body sucked in the warmth of the cab, and he contemplated the additional "caps" he could now "score". Running his fingers over the protruding collars of the coats he quickly determined that the material was good, and that his price would be seven dollars apiece. This would allow two dollars for the taxi and eighteen dollars for three capsules. He thought again of the phrase, "Create your own luck", and the colour black, and a small, forced smile came over his face.

The clicking meter read sixty cents, as the cab screeched to a stop before, Sam's Buy and Sell Everything Store. Hurriedly, Jackie gave the driver two dollars, telling him to wait, and ran into the store. Once inside, he squared his shoulders, adopted an air of prosperity, and shouted to the frowning man leaning on the counter --

"Sammy buddy, I've gotcha two bennies that are a sure steal at seven apiece. How's this for style? Then, with the aplomb and flourish of a showman, he tore off one wrapper and stared speechless at the shiny, silver buttons of a policeman's overcoat.

As he shuffled back out to the sidewalk, his arms hugging the black coats, he noticed that his taxi had not waited. But, this did not surprise; nor hurt him, as much as these words that had flown from Sam's mouth; "Listen, Hard Luck Jackie, don't bring your action here anymore. After twenty years you're still a lousy fish!"

NOTICE!

SUBSCRIBERS: Due to technical difficulties, November and December issues were not printed. Your subscriptions are extended two months.

INMATES: Jack Miller is handling subscriptions. If there is anyone, anywhere, to whom you would like to send the Pathfinder, contact him.

READERS: - Inside and Outside - Drop us a line or two. We appreciate your comments and also constructive criticism. If you do not wish to have your's printed, be sure and warn us. Thank you. The Staff.



INSIDE LOOKING OUT

DOUG BEVANS

Canada gets a new flag, Pathfinder gets a new editor, and Bevans gets a cold in the head, among other equally pleasant afflictions. For the first two items I wish good luck, and for Bevans, a person with whom I have been acquainted since birth, I wish the saving graces of Drisdan.

Introductory amenities being over, we'll shuffle aimlessly into another wordy and blurred impression of "Inside Looking Out", which mirrors, I am told, the jaundiced eye of it's author. What's New?

A brand new year has driven up since I last dipped my pen in the cyanide, a substance which writes true words and will sometimes cause controversy. In the manner of all honest men, I feel that it is only fair to tell you that, in connection with the New Year 1965 and the writer, all resolutions have been successfully made and broken and most of the goodwill has made it's way, through the devious channels of our unique drains, to the Saskatchewan River. In other words, I am back to normal, fully recovered from the rigors of being incredibly and pointlessly pleasant to everybody, which is the expected and, I suppose, predictable state of humanity at the New Year. January 1st of any year is the day when, with slightly glassy eyes, we slam one another on the back and shout to the world what fine fellows we all are, plus a welter of other insane rot too unbelievable to be printed here, and we skip about gaily, grinning and acting like the fools we really are. It never lasts, you know. By the time January is half over all bets are off, all defences are firmly in place, and we dig in to fight for another three hundred and sixty-five.

It's no different in here than anywhere else. For a few days we try our very best to be more reasonable, understanding, and appreciative of the things we have and value. But, like the outside, we forget to carry these feelings past midnight New Year's Day and, because they are foreign and don't fit very well, we are generally re-

lieved and comfortable to see the last of them. Why is this? I could make a lot of rationalistic excuses if I chose to, but, since I am speaking only for myself here, I will tell the truth, or what for me is the truth.

Goodwill is not practical, it leaves the possessor open and vulnerable to serious injury. The century we are living in is not a century of goodwill. It is a mechanical, feelingless and merciless world where you eat or get eaten, where hate is a symbol of life and strength, and goodwill is a symbol of weakness and death. This is how I think and this, to my admittedly colored eye, is how the majority of the world thinks, right from the national to individual level. There is no longer any giving for giving's sake in our society, only giving to get.

The penitentiary, for me, has become life in the small. This is a tiny, confined society in here, living and functioning much like a suburban town. We have our successes and our failures, our good and our bad, our rich and our poor. Lines of class are clearly defined and status seekers are visible everywhere. So you see, it's a twin to the society outside only on a reduced scale; and we in here never stop trying to better our conditions, positions, and remunerations, just like you do out there.

You look after your name, you think right, and you expect the other fellow to do the same; when he doesn't you get down on him fast. You don't waste much time worrying about anyone but yourself. You squeeze out a living in here the best way you know how, you take the good times as they come and you take the others the same way. You function within the boundaries of a strong code of ethics, but you make certain that you capitalize fully on every opportunity that presents itself. By this I don't mean parole or any of the reformative measures offered by the Administration; I mean only the opportunities that you, as a member of the active population take advantage of to better your life and your standard as a member of that population; the within-the-prison social opportunities. You are given basically all you need while you live in this tiny society, and you are left alone to dream of what you'd like; and what you'd like most of all would be to be out of here. And someday, all being well, you will be.

I have learned to live in here and so have thousands before me and so will thousands more after me. I have come to believe one thing above all others from my years here, and for whatever it's worth I offer it now: If you can learn to live successfully in prison, you can learn to live successfully, and legally, anywhere in the world.

The end is here again and I am, with a lop-sided grin, "Inside Looking Out".

REPRINT OF THE V.C. MINIMUM

Month

PAROLE

DORCHESTER PENITENTIARY, Sept. 7th 1964. PP:

In an interview with The Beacon Editor today, Mr. R.G. Rowcliffe, Regional Representative for the National Parole Board released the following communique and asked that it be published in the current issue of The Beacon.

This communique originates in Ottawa with the National Parole Board and is addressed to all Parole Service Officers, Wardens and after care agencies.

1. As a matter of broad policy, it has been decided by the Board that from now on the release of any penitentiary inmate is to be made through parole, unless

a) he has seriously participated in a riot during the present term of imprisonment or

b) he is a sex offender with previous conviction in this respect or

c) his criminal record shows conviction for an offence involving personal violence (except common assault) or

d) he is reported by the institution authorities to be unable to go through a parole period successfully.

2. If refused a 'maximum parole' at PER time, the inmate, who does not come in the categories hereabove mentioned, may, upon the filing of an application, expect favourable consideration for 'minimum parole' on completion of satisfactory arrangements made, that is one month for each year of his sentence up to a maximum of six months plus the statutory remission days to his credit at the time of his release.

3. As of September 1st, the Parole Analysts, when presenting a case to the Board with an adverse recommendation, at the time of PER date, are expected to examine it in the light of the above criteria and report whether the inmate is or is not meeting them. The report is to be made in the final paragraph of the submission by the following addition: "Meets the criteria" or "Does not meet the criteria". In positive cases the recommendation on the decision sheet should read "Parole Denied at this time".

4. The same rule will apply in the case where parole has been deferred in strict keeping with the Parole Regulations, that is

two years - and the Decision sheet will show "Parole Deferred at this time."

5. In any of the above mentioned cases where the inmate is said to be meeting the criteria, the notifications will contain the words "at this time" to mean that the inmate may expect a favourable consideration at a later date. In these cases, there will be a notification even in the APR decisions.

6. The exact meaning of "at this time" will be explained to the inmates by the institutional officers and those who will be prepared to accept such a parole will be invited to file an application with us with copies to the regional offices and to a prospective supervising agency at the latest two months before the time their cases could be reconsidered. If necessary, they will be interviewed by the Regional Representatives but at any rate, the progress in detention, the post-release plans and the arrangements for supervision will be examined with the institutional authorities.

7. It is to be hoped that with an early and clear indication of interest by the inmate, the institutional authorities will wish to enlist, whenever possible, the assistance of an after care agency in as many cases as possible.

19 Statistics

34

Month	Admitted	Parole	Violators	Releases	Paroles	Main	Farm
January	50		3	37	2	688	72
February	36		2	21	3	697	76
March	26		0	25	2	691	80
April	33		0	31	5	689	80
May	28		1	34	5	678	77
June	36		2	33	6	672	85
July	29		0	36	4	658	85
August	25		2	33	1	657	86
September	31		0	31	1	650	87
October	44		1	28	3	664	79
November	52		0	28	9	678	86
December	33		1	36	11	672	79
Total	423		12	373	52		

Transferred In - 1, Out - 4. Deaths: Mental Hosp.- 2, Main - 2

NUTS

and I

russ Fortin

Perhaps I'd better first explain how this column and the strange title of it came into being. Having been asked by one of the PATH-FINDER staff to write a monthly column, I closeted myself with my close friend and confidante, VERN (the Chain) LARSON and asked him what he thought might make good copy. "Anything that "Nuts" does will make good copy," said Vern arrogantly. "So write about "Nuts" and you."

So that's what I'm doing; writing about "Nuts" and me. Hence the strange-sounding title...

It had been suggested that the title be "A Day In The Life of Gaylord Nuts" but having already written a short-story by that name I must stick to my proverbial guns --- it's either "Nuts and I" or nothing. Which, I suppose, is just about the same thing...

Anyway, I have this friend and his name is Gaylord Nuts. This is not his real name but because it suits him so well it has stuck with him ever since that smiling young financier, STAN BERG, labelled him such. Overnight, it seemed, my humorous friend became the one and only "Gaylord Nuts."

Most people prefer to call him "Gaylord" or more simply "Nuts." Personally, I prefer the latter because it is much less formal and more conducive to a proper understanding of the man...

The other day Nuts and I were heading toward the PATHFINDER in the hope of being able to mooch a coffee from one of those genial young gentlemen when suddenly we spotted "Chief" Windsor hurrying to the Auditorium. "Hey, Chief," I called. "Where you going?"

"No place," replied the Chief. "Where you two palefaces going?"

"No place," Nuts informed him with a grandiloquent wave of one mitt hand.

"Say," said the Chief. "Did you hear the joke about the Indian who wrestled a porcupine?"

"No," I answered truthfully. "What's the joke, Chief?"

"It was no joke!" guffawed the Chief.

Nuts and I stood there looking at each other.

"Paleface been had," Nuts ventured.

"Ughh!" I replied.

Chalk one up for the Chief...

.....

Nuts and I were over at the curling rink the other day and we became aware that something was wrong. For a long time there was only one champ in this isolated little prison. That champ was - FRANK SCHULTZ. Big Frank was the indisputed "Leather King" of D-Block hobbiests, and during the winter he was "King of the Curlers." Then suddenly last summer Big Frank's reign came to a sudden end. DON KOLOT returned from his Texas vacation, and almost overnight became the new "Leather King." With the opening of the curling season total regicide became the rule of the day as MARVIN (Skipper) GREEN took two novice curlers in tow and seized the throne from the floundering monarch. The two novices, KENNY (Nuts is my partner) BELL and FREDDY (my kid brother's a preacher) SHATFORD, both claim that they owe all their success to the fine touch that Marv has developed as a result of his new hobby. Marvin is knitting things, you know...

SEEN and

IF HEARD

Nuts and I saw ROY HENDERSON walking across the yard singing a song the other day. T'was a real oldie too. "When You And I Were .. Young, Maggie." It seems to me, Roy...

Nuts says that he's watching the antics of JERRY HUME closely of late. It appears that Jerry has been seen handing out matches every day to a smiling young broker. Says the broker: "Beats CARE all to heck." And I suppose that it does...

PIERRE (Frenchy, of course) LOUVAIN told Nuts that working in the Kitchen here is better than working in the Laundry down Montana way. I remember when Nuts had a job cleaning kitchens in Edmonton...

Personable young GERRY AUBERTIN was elected Secretary of the Gavel Club recently, and after one meeting of the Club Executive he says that it reminds him of the time he worked in a mental hospital... Listen, Gerry!



Farm Corner

Danny
Hadden.

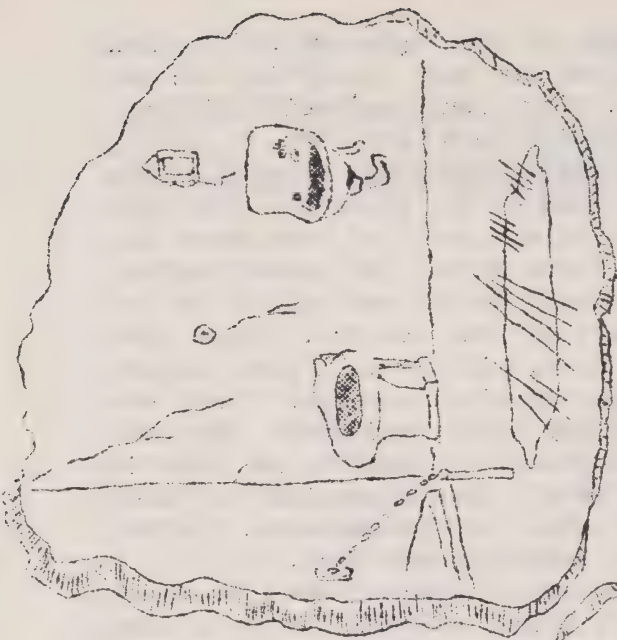
The new editors of Pathfinder have asked me to write something newsworthy in a regular monthly column for Pathfinder readers about what it's like out here at the farm camp.

Perhaps I should start off by telling you a little about the Camp, and how long it's been out here. The Farm Annex, or the Farm Camp as we call it, was opened up on June 11, 1962. Mr. L.K. Jacobson was appointed Superintendent, and Mr. R.G. Headrick, Administration and Supply officer. The two story cement block building in which we are quartered is about as comfortable as you can get it. The building was built to accomodate about 90 men. Two separate dormitories with shower and washroom facilities are located on the upper floor. The visiting room and mens lounge are located on the main floor. I think I speak for most men out here when I say the Camp is good. During a regular week-day we are allowed to stay up until 11:30 P.M. However, on Friday and Saturday nights we can stay up to watch the late shows on T.V. This privilege of course includes all holidays as well. The thing I like most about the Camp is the manner in which the food is prepared and served. The kitchen and dining room is located on the main floor just off the lounge. You pick up a tray and are served your food cafeteria style and sit down at a table and eat like a human being. Mr. P.M. Kutsak and Mr. F.S. Hambloten our two stewards, run a well organized and clean kitchen to say the least.

In regards to recreation and sporting activities out here, we have the works. Our winter sporting activities consist of; curling on two sheets of ice, hockey is played on one rink against teams from downtown. John Bury, our Bobby Hull of the hockey team is coach and manager, and I might add is doing a fine job of coaching the team to more than a fair share of wins. Darts is a popular game out here. We have two fine dart boards in use every night. A group of dart players from town come in occasionally to play our dart teams, and the boys really enjoy playing. Gene Delany is the man who is responsible for

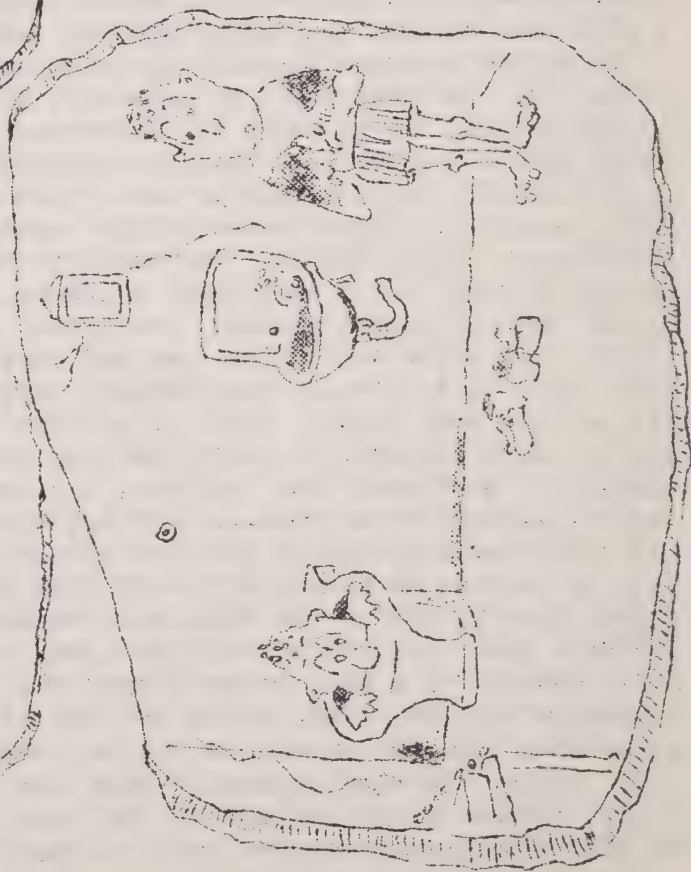
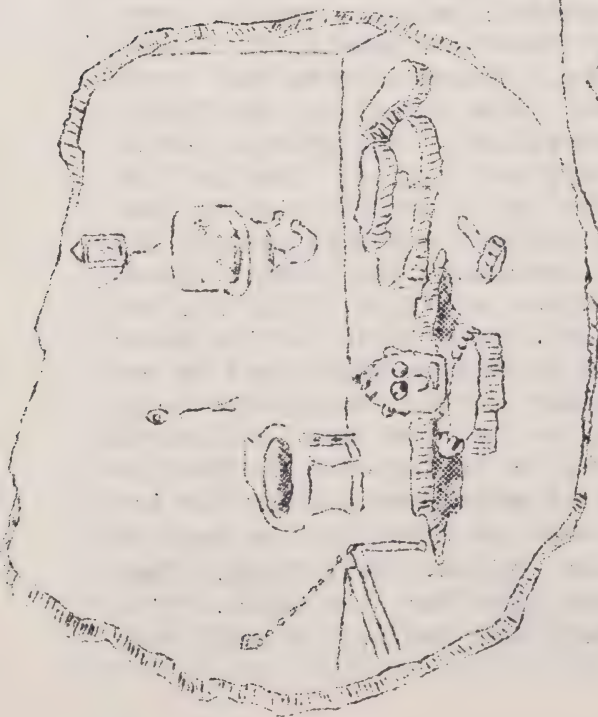
getting the boys interested in the game, so our hats are off to him. We have a three man recreation committee out here consisting of: Ron Daly, Andy Walker and myself. Bridge, Ping Pong, and weightlifting- are some of the other forms of recreation out here. Mr. C. Blair, the Farm manager, is responsible for the up-keep and running of the Farm itself. There are 1900 acres of land on the property, plus 5000 acres of leased grazing land about 30 miles north of here where the 275 head of beef cattle are put to pasture during the summer months. There are 30 registered milk cows out here which are said to be one of the finest dairy herds in this part of the country. These cows are groomed daily in a sanitary kept barn, and the milk goes through a modern \$32,000 homogenized and pasturizing machine. There are about 1500 egg producing chickens on the farm, and about 400 well kept pigs. A modern slaughter-house where all killing is done is also located out here on the back forty. When I mention the coal dock, root-cellar, steer-shed, machine-shed and green-house, I think I will have covered just about all the buildings out here.

It may be somewhat newsworthy to mention that; of the 1900 acres of land on the Penitentiary property, 30,000 bushels of grain and 15,000 bushels of potatoes are harvested every year, not to mention other garden vegetables. Getting back to curling for a moment, perhaps I should mention that we have just recently finished a round robin bonspiel. There were 6 rinks entered: Delaney, Mosley, Bury, Schonberger, Sass, Hadden. The winner? Who else? Myself, of course! Delaney's rink had 3 wins and 2 losses. Mosley's rink took third prize with a 3 and 3 record. The prizes were put up by the Camp's staff. 1st prize was a nice pen and pencil set. 2nd prize a set of good darts that pleased Gene Delaney very much indeed. Gene said he let me win over him in order to get the darts for his rink as they are all dart players. I don't believe him as I can beat him any old time, and that goes for you too, Ray Workman....Don Kolot....Chuck Taylor....Ernie Richardson....Matt Baldwin....and Lyle. Hold it, Dan old chap your starting to get carried away. Marty Papin our ice maker will be leaving us soon and I would like to mention here, that he has done a bang up job on the rinks this winter for us. Marty, old bean, you're a good guy and we all like you, so the very best of luck to you. John Bury, a good hockey player will be taking over Marty's job looking after the rinks, and if he does as well looking after the ice as he does playing hockey, we can be sure our rinks will be kept in good shape. So mind yourself John old fellow. Well folks, that about covers things out here at the Farm Camp for this issue. I'll be back with another report from the Camp next month. So until thenSo long everybody.



T.B.

Carl
Ramohr



SAN FRANCISCO Calif. (PP): A city will be built in California for the rehabilitation of criminals, delinquents and narcotic addicts.

Synanon City, as it is called, will be built about 45 miles north of San Francisco, near Tomalis Bay. It is being built by the Synanon Foundation, Inc. and will have a population of approximately 5000 of the country's "socially disorganized".

Charles Dederich, chairman and founder of Synanon, said: "We will have our own post office fire department and hospital. We won't need a police department as we will be the only city in the country without a jail".

Synanon, which has made impressive progress in reclaiming addicts, began seven years ago. Its' new city will consist of work facilities, dormitories for both men and women, houses for personnel and sponsors, seminar buildings, lecture halls, administration building and library.

The foundation, which is supported entirely from private contributions, has as its' belief that criminals and addicts mainly need help with "emotional problems."

MOUNTAIN ECHO, Manitoba Penitentiary:

"The Warden congratulated the winning teams and winners of individuals trophies. He stated that Manitoba Penitentiary is the only maximum security institution enjoying evening recreational privileges seven days per week and that this has been maintained, up to the present, through the co-operation of the inmate population."

ILLINOIS: A new system to obtain jobs for prison parolees has been started by the John Howard Society, prisoners' aid and correctional reform agency. Eugene S. Zeman, executive director, said recently. The John Howard association, prisoners' aid and correctional reform agency, is an Illinois organization.

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Penal Press Review

Rod McDonald

The BEACON, Drawer A, Dorchester, N.B.

Congratulations on your July-August issue - a great improvement. We are reprinting your bulletin on the 'New Minimum Parole'. This is just the information we have been trying to obtain, keep up the good work. Canadian Penal Magazines are getting fewer each year.

The BRIDGE, Box 100, State Prison, Somers, Conn.

A well written mag published quarterly. Melvin Taylor's column alone makes The Bridge worth reading. In the September issue he predicts and we quote: "The Habitual Criminal Acts will all be abolished as truly constitutional, as the second, third, or more penalties given a man for one crime have proven a vicious backlash to those who felt that additional time might be the answer to keeping men out of prison. No one has ever proven that there is such a thing as an habitual criminal - how then can a law exist to punish such a non-existent creature? Or does the law create the evil of this monster?"

REFORMATORY HILLAR, State Reform, St. Cloud, Minn.

Your paper has a very professional look when it comes to lay-out. Most of your articles are on prison topics, and that is what a prison paper is for, to inform the public what life on the inside is like. So stick with it guys, you're doing a candy job.

THE MESSENGER, State Pen. Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D.

A pat on the back to every member of your staff and the print shop on your exceptional Fall issue. Not only have you got a cover, but also plenty inside of it. Perhaps the Enchanted News is going to have to move over and make room for the Messenger one of these months. We thank you for the salute to our advertising artist, Don Ross, who has departed on Parole.

The Ex-Editor and staff extend appreciation to the Vancouver Sun, Prince Albert Daily/Herald, Canada Week, Radio C K O M, Saskatoon (via the late Dan Worden), and The Albertan for recent mentions of, and reprints from The Pathfinder.

H A T

Show
carl
rumohr

Well perhaps you outsiders are wondering just what does happen in the Pen --- come Christmastime. Underneath all the cheer, and goodwill, there lurks an awful loneliness in most hearts, but never the less, there's some happiness here too you know!

It's also a time for all good "hams" to come forward and take a bow. Christmas dinner? Nope, you're wrong, it's our annual Christmas Concert, and Amateur Show, which comes to you via CKBI Radio, on your dial (if you have a radio that reaches this far.)

And, of course, a show just isn't a show without a good M.C. Doug Bevans, everybody's friend, carried us through the horror of stage fright.

The warm up portion of the show which usually puts things on the road, went over (). We were all honoured with the presence of Roland & Yolanda, professional dancers, who turned out to be No.80??, and friend, Eddy Graves, (terrible sight, you know).

Yours truly, did impressions of Ed Sullivan, Ben Casey, and Merv Zamborski, etc., and still hasn't figured out which ine he is yet.

Our slight of hand expert, and I mean expert, Roy Henderson, made things disappear, (everything from golf balls to people). The person who disappeared won't comment on how it's done, (me).

J.G. Gagnon, better known on D. block as "Gaspipie Gagnon", got lots of laughs with his stand-up comedy.

The music portion of the show was made up of about 15 contestants who all took their turn at the CKBI mike, and did a terrific job of it. The winners of first, second, and third prizes, turned out to be J.G. Gagnon, (Gaspipie), Marv Friested, and yours truly.

Our Em-Cee, Doug Bevans, produced the show, and made it a success with his many talents. He wrapped things up with a poem called "If"

by Rudyard Kipling. It left everyone with a fine memory to take home. We all hope you will come back next year for our 16th Annual Christmas Concert. We would also like to give a big thanks to all the fellows here who turned out to see the show and hope that next year will bring the same again.

Sign over an electric chair: "You can be sure - If it's Westinghouse!"

Now I lay me down to sleep, my hacksaw blades are buried deep.
If I am gone before you wake, you'll know this poem is no fake.

(The Mountain Echo)

Ashville, N.C. (AP) A defense attorney was attempting to discredit the testimony of a woman state's witness during a trial in Buncombe (Ashville) County Superior Court.

"You must have finished a prison term yourself, didn't you?" demanded the Attorney.

"Yes, that's right," the witness replied.

"You were convicted of forgery, right?"

"Yes, that's right," the witness answered.

"What did you forge?" the Attorney continued.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" the Attorney thundered. "What on earth were you doing in prison?"

"I wish you'd tell me," the witness replied, "You were my lawyer."

(Weekly Progress)

BOBBY CURTOLA

A few weeks after the big show rumour had it that Bobby Curtola was coming here, and, sure enough, on Jan. 14th, at 3:30, there he was, "Mr. Personality" Bobby himself, backed up by Barry Inis and the Keynotes. He sang many of his hit tunes, Fortune Teller, Move Over, etc. Speaking about Fortune, Bobby has made his own in the musical world and for his age has come a long way in a very short time. If you have ever talked with Bobby Curtola, you would know the tremendous amount of personality and confidence that just seems to flow out from him, and, by that it is easy to understand how he's come such a long way. We'd all like to thank you Bobby, and hope you'll come back again.

WE

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL



WE P T . . .

doug bevans

A tremendous figure has passed forever from the living and panoramic canvas of the Twentieth Century, a great gaping and irreplaceable emptiness marks for eternity the spot where the final brush strokes of the Master Painter brought him down. Winston is dead, the man of the century and one of the greatest men of all time is no more. The world joins in universal sorrow as mankind pays final homage to its most courageous warrior. In life he was a legend; in death he is immortal.

No words ever penned can do full honor to the memory of Sir Winston Churchill. No matter how eloquent or lengthy the tribute to his name becomes, the debt we owe him will never, can never, reach the balance. He gave us freedom. He gave us life. He gave us, when we needed it most, courage; courage to fight on when all seemed lost, courage to say, "We will never surrender!" And, greatest and most priceless of all, he gave us himself. His unyielding fearlessness in the face of seemingly overpowering adversity became the unquenchable and brilliant beacon of freedom that dispelled forever the threatening darkness that was World War II. Though he is dead that beacon still shines, and will continue to, with undying and never-diminishing radiance, an eternal and unparalleled source of inspiration for all mankind.

The world will never forget the mightiness and majesty of Sir Winston Churchill. He was our greatest son. He was our finest hour. He was the Twentieth Century.

but in scrutinizing it more closely, we realize that such work exhausts us and gives no satisfaction. We realize that the mis-direction of our energy thus causes failure.

Marcus Aurelius once stated, "Do not live as if you were assured to live for a thousand years." Surely if we sit down and think, we have to agree with the ruthless maxim that says, "It is later than you think." Therefore, the one who plays with failure, spends hours and days of this precious time as if it was inexhaustible. Some needlessly sleep some of that precious time away. Others will go all the way into books, good or bad, others play cards 'til they fall asleep on their chairs, others join in malicious gossip, while still others become fanatical followers of theatre and most of these think the day would be lost if they didn't have their coffee and evening paper. Of course some of all that is good, but a line should be drawn between what is healthy recreation and what becomes an obsession.

All the above means of wasteful energy that lead to failure are really personal delusions. The above-mentioned like those who kill themselves working too hard seem to try one way or another to fill every minute of the day so that they can crowd out any thought of the uselessness of their existence. When night comes, they are either too tired or too absorbed in their shallow pleasures to really take stock of their situation. Still, to those who observe them frankly and perceptively, they all present the same pathetic spectacle. They look like some maniacal miser who will hoard a whole insane collection of useless objects, disconnected thoughts and artificial emotions.

It is clear that the individual reverting to such actions will succeed, unconsciously, to camouflage his existence with so many activities more or less useful and satisfying that he will not have enough time left to seriously follow the great aim in life of which he would be capable would he only channel his energy in the proper way. Briefly what I mean is this, "We should fight against this deep-rooted unconscious will to fail. In our respective field of work." How? It is up to each and every one of you to find the solution.

"What are you reading?" asked the prison librarian.

"Nothing much," replied the prisoner. "Just the usual escape literature." (Inside Bordentown)

Judge: "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Defendant: "My name is Sparks. I'm an electrician and I'm charged with battery."

Judge: "Officer, put this man in a dry cell." (The Diamond)

THE WHEEL

Committeeman, author, spokesman and clerk,
Possessor of airs and an offhanded smirk;
A swagger that ranks
With the bossmen of banks,
And hands that have never known God-honest work.

His shirt is arrayed with expensive gold clips
Of fountain pens, pencils, and various scripts —
The crease in his pants
Can be seen at a glance,
And his teeth are bespotted with multigold chips.

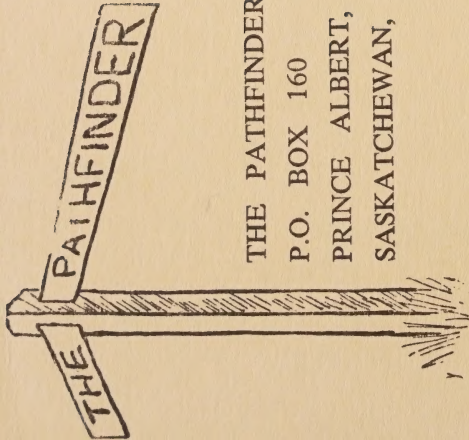
Besppectacled, he quotes from the works of the Great,
And garrulously forces the bewildering weight
Of his knowledge on Joe,
The slow-witted schmoe
Who couldn't care less if two fives equaled eight!

At night he lets loose with a soul-piercing roar
And thoroughly curses the dumb, brainless, boor
Who got yanked in a bank
That an urchin could yank
With the ease of a pro on a natural score.

And a "pete" that's been left with a G-note inside
Sends him searching for weapons to commit suicide!
"God bless us," he screams,
"I swear that it seems
There isn't a thief worth the name left outside."

He's the jail-house intellectual, the class of our kind,
The guy with the insight, the far-reaching mind,
The dean of the thieves
Who profoundly believes
That he is the essence of all human kind.

But a glimpse at his dossier reveals he has sailed —
A dozen-odd times he's been cold turkeyed (nailed)
For passing a cheque,
On his own name, by heck! —
And the sums!!! Saint Capone, the guy's better off jailed!



THE PATHFINDER
P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA

TO:

Miss Judith Hardy

Centre of Criminology

Room ~~905~~ *University of Toronto*

Toronto 5, Ont.

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